

# GUNNER DEPEW

By  
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Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cassard  
Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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## CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

When I looked around I saw that our real position was to the right of where the artillery was, and that there were three lines of trenches with French infantry in them. So the trenches I had come from were more like outposts than anything else, and were cut off. I felt pretty sure, then, that the boys in them would never come back alive, because as soon as their fire let up the Turks would advance, and to keep them back our guns would have to wipe out our men, and if they did not, the Turks would. At first I was glad I had come out, but then I remembered what the artillery officer had said and I figured I would have to go back and stay with them or bring them back. Either way there was not one chance in a hundred that any of us would make it. Because when I got through it was really just a miracle and nobody would have thought it could happen.

Then the officer told me to go back to the beach, where our naval guns were, and that I was detailed to them. Maybe you do not think I was glad? But there was rough work still ahead of me, because when I got behind the third line I saw a wide open field that was light gray from the shell smoke hanging over it, and I could see the flashes where the big ones were doing their work, and I had to go through that field.

I felt time and again, sometimes when I thought a shell was near, and sometimes when I had no reason for it—only I was thirsty again, and was shivering all the time, and was so weak I could not have choked a goldfish. I do not remember hardly anything about going through that field, and you might say the next thing I knew was when I was overtaken by a dispatch runner, and got in a tin tub at the side of a motorcycle and was taken to the guns.

I felt ready for a Rip Van Winkle nap then, but the officer in command would not let me. He said they were short of gunners—the terrific shelling had killed off dozens of them—and as he knew I could point a gun he had ordered them over the telephone to get me to the beach as fast as possible. He spotted the two warehouses I have spoken of for me and said it was up to us to put them out of commission. The gun was a 14-inch naval, and that looked good to me, so I bucked up a lot. The warehouses were about 10 or 11 miles away, I should judge, and about 30 or 40 yards apart. I felt very weak, as I have said, and shivered every once in a while, so I did not think I could do much gunning worth while. But they loaded the old 14-inch and made ready, and we got the range and all was set. The officer told me to let her ride. So I said to myself, "This is one for you, Murray, old boy. Let's go from here."

So I sent that one along and she landed direct and the warehouse went

do not believe I came to, singing, because I never sang "Sweet Adeline" before, that I know of, or any other song when anybody was in range. But I heard it lots of times, so maybe I did sing it at that.

Then I went to sleep feeling fine. The next morning the detachment from the Cassard was withdrawn, and I saw some of the men who had been in the two trenches, but I was not near enough to speak to them. So I do not know how they got out.

You never saw a happier bunch in your life than we were when we piled into the lifeboats and started for the Cassard. The old ship looked pretty good to us, you can bet, and we said if we never put our hoofs on that place again it would be soon enough.

We were shelled on our way out to the Cassard, and one boat was overturned, but the men were rescued. Two men in the launch I was in were wounded. But we did not pay any attention to that shelling—the Turks might just as well have been blowing peas at us through a soda straw for all we cared.

I noticed that when we came near the Cassard the other boats held up and let our launch get into the lead, and that we circled around the Cassard's bows and came up on the starboard side, which was unusual. But I did not think anything of it until I came over the side. There were the side boys lined up, and the Old Man was there, with the ship's steward beside him.

He took the log book from the steward and showed it to me, and there was my name on it. Now when you are punished for anything you are logged, but I could not figure out what I had done to get punished for, so I was very much surprised. But the Old Man slapped me on the back and everybody cheered, and then I saw it was not punishment, but just the opposite.

When people ask me what I have received my decoration for (Croix de Guerre), I tell them I do not rightly know, and that is a fact. I do not know whether it was for going back from those trenches or for destroying the storehouses. So I always tell them I got it for working overtime. That is what the Limeys say, or if they have the Victoria cross they say they got it for being very careless. Ask one of them and see.

All of us were certainly glad to be aboard the Cassard again, and if any place ever looked like home to me it was the old ship. Our casualties were very high and we were therefore ordered to put back to Brest. We had a great little celebration that night, and next morning weighed anchor and started back, after clearing for action.

I was still pretty blue about Murray, but very much relieved as to the safety of my own skin, and I figured that after the Dardanelles and my last day there they had not made the right bullet for me yet. The rest of us felt about the same way and we were singing all the time.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Je Suis Blessé.

As usual, when we got to Brest there was rush work day and night on the Cassard to get her out and supplies of all kinds were loaded for our next visit to the Turks. The French garbles were always keen for the trip back to Brest—they were sure of loading up on tobacco and other things they needed.

My twelfth trip to the Dardanelles was different from the others. The Cassard was doing patrol work at the time in the neighborhood of Cape Helles. Those of us who had served on the Peninsula before were thanking our stars for the snap we were having—just cruising around waiting for something to happen.

We had not been there very long before something unexpected did happen, for we ran into two enemy cruisers—which I afterwards heard were the Werft and Kaiserliche Marine—one on the starboard and one on the port. How they had managed to sneak up so near us I do not know. They opened up on us at not much more than a thousand yards and gave us a hot time from the start, though with any kind of gunnery they should have done for us thoroughly.

We came right back at them and were getting in some pretty good shots. I was in the 14-inch gun turret, starboard bow—my old hangout—and we were letting them have it about four shots every five minutes and scoring heavily.

I do not know how long we had been fighting when part of our range finder was carried away. It was so hot, though, and we were so hard at it that such a little thing like that did not bother us. It is hot in any gun turret, but I have always noticed that it is hotter there in the Dardanelles than in any other place. The sweat would simply cake up on us, until our faces were just covered with a film of powder stuff.

But the range finder was carried away, and although it looked bad for us I was feeling so good that I volunteered to go on deck and get an-

other one. I got outside the turret door and across the deck, got the necessary parts and was coming back with them when I received two machine-gun bullets in the right thigh. One went clear through bone and all and drilled a hole on the other side, while the other came within an inch of going through. The peculiar thing is that these two were in a line above the wound I got at Dixmude. The line is almost as straight as you could draw it with a ruler.

Of course it knocked me down and I hit my head a pretty hard crack on



I Was Able to Crawl on to the Turret Door.

the steel deck, but I was able to crawl on to the turret door. Just as I was about to enter the gun was fired. That particular charge happened to be defective. The shell split and caused a back fire and the cordite, fire and gas came through the breech, which the explosion had opened.

It must have been a piece of cordite which did it, but whatever it was, it hit me in the right eye and blinded it. The ball of the eye was saved by the French surgeons and looks normal, but it pains me greatly sometimes and they tell me it will always be sightless.

I was unconscious immediately from the blow and from the quantity of gas which I must have swallowed. This gas did me a great deal of damage and gives me dizzy spells often to this day. I do not know what happened during the rest of the engagement, as I did not regain consciousness until three days later at sea. But I heard in the hospital that the French super-dreadnaught Jeanne d'Arc and the light cruiser Normandy were in it as well as ourselves, though not at the time I was wounded, and that we had all been pretty well battered. The Cassard lost 98 men in the engagement and had 48 wounded. Some of our turrets were twisted into all manner of shapes and part of our bow was carried away. One of our lieutenants was killed in the engagement.

I was told that both the Werft and the Kaiserliche Marine were sunk in this engagement. I have seen pictures of sailors from the Werft who were prisoners at internment camps.

When we arrived at Brest the wounded were taken from the ship in stretchers and after we had been rested for about fifteen minutes on the deck put into ambulances and rushed to the hospital. On the way those who could lean out of the ambulance and had a great time with the people along the streets, many of whom they knew. For the Cassard was a Brest ship. And of course the women and children yelled, "Vive la France!" and were glad to see the boys again, even though they were badly done up.

Some of our men were bandaged all over the face and head and it was funny when they had to tell their names to old friends of theirs, who did not recognize them. As soon as one of the Brest people recognized a friend of he would go to get cigarettes and other things for him and some of them almost beat us to the hospital.

I do not know, of course, just what the surgeons did to me, but I heard that they had my eyeball out on my cheek for almost two hours. At any rate they saved it. The thigh wounds were not dangerous in themselves and if it had not been for the rough treatment they got later on they would be quite healed by this time, I am sure.

I really think I got a little extra attention in the hospital in many ways, for the French were at all times anxious to show their friendliness to America. Every time my meals were served there was a little American flag on the platter and always a large American flag draped over the bed. I had everything I wanted given to me at once and when I was able to, all the cigarettes I could smoke, which were not many.

While I was still in bed in the hospital I received the Croix de Guerre, which I had won at the Dardanelles. The presentation was made by Lieu-

tenant Barbey. He pinned an American flag on my breast, a French flag beneath it and beneath that the war cross. He kissed me on both cheeks, of course, which was taking advantage of a cripple. But it is the usual thing with the French, as you know—I mean the kissing, not the meanness to cripples.

When he had pinned the medal on he said he thanked me from the bottom of his heart for the French people, and also thanked all the Americans who had come over from their own land to help a country with which most of them were not connected. He said it was a war in which many nations were taking part, but in which there were just two ideas, freedom and despotism, and a lot more things that I cannot remember. He finished by saying that he wished he could decorate all of us.

Of course it was great stuff for me and I thought I was the real thing sure enough, but I could not help thinking of the remark I have heard here in the States—"I thank you and the whole family thanks you." And it was hard not to laugh. Also it seemed funny to me, because I did not rightly know just what they were giving me the medal for—though it was for one of two things—and I do not know to this day. But I thought it would not be polite to ask, so I let it go at that.

There were twelve other naval officers who were present and they and all the other people did a lot of cheering and vived me to a fare-you-well. It was great stuff, altogether, and I should have liked to get a medal every day.

One day I received a letter from a man who had been in my company in the Foreign Legion and with whom I had been pretty chummy. His letter was partly in French and partly in English. It was all about who had been killed and who had been wounded. He also mentioned Murray's death, which he had heard about, and about my receiving the Croix de Guerre. I was wishing he had said something about Brown, whom I had not heard from and who I knew would visit me if he had the chance.

But two or three days later I got another letter from the same man and when I opened it out tumbled a photograph. At first all I saw was that it was the photograph of a man crucified with bayonets, but when I looked at it closely I saw it was Brown. I fainted then, just like a girl.

When I came to I could hardly make myself think about it. Two of my pals gone! It hurt me so much to think of it that I crushed the letter up in my hand, but later on I could read parts of it. It said they had found Brown this way near Dixmude about two days after he had been reported missing. So three of us went over and two stayed there. It seems very strange to me that both of my pals should be crucified and if I were superstitious I do not know what I would think about it. It made me sick and kept me from recovering as fast as I would have done otherwise. Both Brown and Murray were good pals and very good men in a fight. I often think of them both and about the things we did together, but lately I have tried not to think about them much because it is very sad to think what torture they must have had to stand. They were both of great credit to this country.

The American consul visited me quite often and I got to calling him Sherlock because he asked so many questions. We played lots of games together, mostly with dice, and had a great time generally. After I became convalescent he argued with me that I had seen enough, and though I really did think so—however much I disliked what I had seen—he got my discharge from the service on account of physical inability to discharge the usual duties. After I had been at the hospital for a little over a month I was discharged from it, after a little party in my ward with everyone taking part and all the horns blowing and all the records except my favorite dirge played one after another.

Sherlock arranged everything for me—my passage to New York, clothing, etc. I ran up to St. Nazaire and saw my grandmother, loafed around a while and also visited Lyons.

After a short time I returned to Brest and got my passage on the George for New York. I had three trunks with me full of things I had picked up around Europe and had been keeping with my grandmother. Among my belongings were several things I should like to show by photographs in this book, but no one but mermaids can see them now, for down to the locker of Davy Jones they went. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Shrines to Foxes.

There are numberless shrines to Japan dedicated to foxes. The badge is another animal feared by the superstitious Japanese mind. It is believed to have power to annoy people, and to be able to turn into a priest at will. The crying of wensles and the baying of dogs are considered evil omens, and such insignificant happenings send a shudder through the believers.

## Faith, The "Title Deed"

By REV. E. J. PACE  
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TEXT—Faith is the substance of things hoped for.—Heb. 11:1.

Think of crocodiles shedding light on Holy Writ! The story comes from Egypt how a party of scientists



were excavating the ruins of an ancient village, buried for centuries under the drifting sands of the Sahara. They were searching for manuscripts but found nothing but crocodiles—mummified crocodiles. Half in disgust one of the younger members of the party seized a baby crocodile by the tail and dashed it against a stone, bursting it open. To his astonishment out rolled bundles of manuscripts of every description; legal documents, court records, bills of exchange, receipts for taxes and house rents, private letters of all sorts, and even a schoolboy's examination papers! The other crocodiles were also made to yield up the treasures with which they were stuffed. Imagine the excitement when they discovered that many of these "papyri" were written in the age of the Caesars and in the identical Greek of the New Testament.

Great floods of light have been thrown by these manuscripts on the meaning of New Testament words, many of them standing forth with a picturesque vividness never before seen. From the "papyri" we now know that the word in common use in the apostolic age for "title deed" is the word in our text above given translated "substance." Faith is the title deed of things hoped for. What a find!

An old saying has it, "Faith is believing." Should it not read, "Believing is seeing?" Here lies before me a crumpled, dirty five-dollar bill. It was issued a dozen years ago and has been handled by innumerable fingers, but the stamp of the United States government on it is still plainly visible. Which one of its possible holders ever saw the five silver dollars it claims to represent? No one cares to see them; the promise of the government is enough. Here, "believing is seeing." My five-dollar bill is only a promise, and yet my faith in it is my title deed for things I hope for: potatoes, flour, butter and what not.

But faith, to be valid, must rest upon the trustworthiness of the word of another. The support of faith is always outside of one. A five-peso note issued by the state of Chihuahua, Mex., may be worth five pesos, and again it may not. That is where the bandit, Villa, lives, and the scene of his most spectacular depredations. Is the state of Chihuahua solvent? And if so, will it continue to be so in case I want to redeem this promissory note? My faith in a promissory note is the measure of my confidence in the promisor.

The very essence of faith is strikingly illustrated in our word "amen." We use this ancient word every time we pray, but do we understand its meaning? It is really a Greek way of pronouncing an old Hebrew word. Jesus used it each time our version reads "verily, verily I say unto you." The old Hebrew word dates back to Abraham's time, and earlier, only he called it "aman." Anything is "aman" that is solid, firm, secure and absolutely dependable. Abraham and his wife Sarah were old and stricken in years, but childless. God promised them a son in their old age in spite of the fact that, humanly speaking, such a thing was impossible. Romans 4:18-21 describes how this startling promise affected Abraham: "Being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead when he was about an hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb; he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able also to perform." That is to say, Abraham recognized the fulfillment of this promise as entirely a miracle of God's power. What he said to God was, "Thou art 'aman.'" In other words, "Thou canst be depended upon! Thy word is firm, secure, absolutely reliable." Abraham's rest of faith was in the almightiness of God and the faithfulness of his word, just as my confidence in a five-dollar note rests in the firmness and the security of the United States government.

God in his Word has offered to us eternal life in Christ Jesus. He tells me this is a gift bestowed miraculously from above by the Holy Spirit. How my heart eagerly reaches out for this alluring prize. He offers this to "whoever will." That includes me. I believe and it is mine. Faith is the "title deed" to things hoped for. My faith makes God real and his wonderful salvation a blessed fact here and now; and "being fully persuaded that what he has promised he is able also to perform," "I rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

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So I Sent That One Along, and She Landed Direct.

up in fire and smoke. I felt good then, and I laid the wires on the other warehouse and let her go. But she was too high and I made a clean miss. Then I was mad, because I had sent that one over for myself. So I got the cross wires on the warehouse again and, I said to myself, "This is not for anybody, just for luck, because I sure have had plenty of it today."

Then the juice came through the wires and into the charge, and away she went, and up went the second warehouse. That made two direct out of three, and I guess it hurt the Turks some to lose all their ammunition. The officer kissed me before I could duck and slapped me on the back and I keeled over. I was just all in.

They brought me to with rum, and they said I was singing when I came to. When they tried to sing, to show me what song it was, I figured it was "Sweet Adeline" they meant. But I